

A Whole Peculiar Garden

by VintagePen

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Summary: Come and enjoy a series of one-shots of the lives of peculiars thriving in Miss Peregrine's Home For Peculiar Children! (Majority of the one-shots are Hugh x Fiona)

A Whole Peculiar Garden

****Hello there! I am back! My other story was titled "The Flowers and the Bees" however I could not continue on with the story so I deleted it. :(But no worries! I have come back to make up for it! I have given it thought and came to a decision that having a story of one-shots is better and since the ending of the semester is almost here, I will be more active. This story in particular, will be a series of one-shots of different characters in Peculiardom and even some OCs! :D However this will be mostly Hugh x Fiona because they are so cute! :D I hope you enjoy! Happy reading! Read and Review! :D****

****(P.S. I don't own _Miss Peregrine's Home For Peculiar Children_)****

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><p>"Welcome"<p>

Carinholm was as dreary and quiet as a funeral march. The endless sky is always covered in puffy gray clouds that appear to be welling up with tears. The rolling indigo sea swirls in anticipation at the lulling boats that are docked. Creaks of the heavy footsteps of sailors and burly men balance on the wooden planks of the docks and hulls of the boats. Low murmurs of voices discuss business and future travels. The little shops pop out their shutters to welcome the new day. Ovens and stoves warm up their mouths to scarf down breads, pastries, and various other foods. Children, wives, sisters, and various other people scatter through the streets to make their daily visits to shops, friends, families, and school. The shepherd that

lives on the outskirts of the small town passes by with his flock of sheep and waves to the women who pass his way. The town has been thriving like this since its establishment.

Fiona was sitting on a nailed down bench on the groaning deck of the ferry that was bringing her in. The sea was spitting mist in her freckled face as she rubbed it with a damp sleeve. Her other hand was clutching a folded paper and a small suitcase. Loose strands of dark curls were whipping at her face as they played along with the tempo of the wind. She readjusted the pins in her hair that kept some sort of bun together. She focused her eyes solely on the rolling hills of puffy vegetation and rocked with the boat as it pushed through the waves.

"In aba' fifteen minutes we'll reach th'island," the deck hand told the three passengers, an old man with a beard that resemble a cloud on a spring day, a shifty-eyed woman holding a sleeping child in her arms and Fiona who smiled shyly at the child.

With every tug at the sails, the boat etched closer to the island, Fiona's heart started to pick up the pace. She was nervous about her new home and hoped that she was not casted out for being different or "difficult" as her mother put it. She tentatively tapped the crucifix pendent that she was wearing and said a silent prayer of guidance to someone who will answer.

Once the boat finally docked, the passengers exited the boat with wobbly legs and swaying in the spell of the sea. Fiona tapped the shoulder of the deck hand.

"What can I do fo'ya miss?" He squinted and gave her a sloppy grin.

She put down the suitcase and unfolded the paper and showed him the scribbled address. She smiled shyly in hopes he could point her in the direction. Her cheeks tinted a little at his grin as he inspected the address.

"Hm, I'm na sure aba' this 'dress." He shook his head, "Nev' heard of it before. Ask some in town. Might help ya." He gave her back the paper and she folded it and nodded in thanks.

"Hope I can see ya more ofta' miss," He said with his sloppy grin. Fiona's eyes widen as her cheeks colored even more. She quickly picked up her suitcase and nodded again and walked into town. She shook her head to calm her pacing heart.

She followed the deck hand's orders and went into town to ask directions to this "Miss Peregrine's Home for Children." She went up to a woman clutching a basket of bread and holding a boy's hand. The woman eyed her suspiciously and held onto her child and bread defensively.

"Pardon me, but I'm lookin' for this 'dress," Fiona asked with a gentle voice as she showed the woman the address. "Could ye' tell me tha' way?"

The woman took a glance at the address and shook her head in disagreement, "I've never herd of a place called that. Go ask some else." With that, the woman turned on her heel and walked away from

Fiona, telling her son to quicken his pace. The young girl sighed in defeat and decided to look for someone else.

After asking five others for directions to the home, Fiona was still at a dead end. Two men shrugged her off, thinking she was a beggar for money and shooed her away from the stores. All the others just shook their heads and told her they have never heard of such a place. Fiona was beginning to panic at the thought that she was in the wrong place or worse the wrong island. She felt a shortness of breath and decided to lean against a secluded wall. Its coldness was a reprieve against the heat of her body and calmed her a little bit. Fiona took a couple of deep breaths as her eyes welled up with tears at her possible failure. She sat down on the cool dirt and brought her knees up. Her fingers slid into the dirt, however unbeknownst to her, a small green patch of grass sprung up around her hand. Possible thoughts rushed through her mind and with no money, there was no hope of returning to her homeland. Everything was hopeless.

" 'Scuse me miss?" A gruff voice peeped through Fiona's quiet sobbing.

She looked up and quickly wiped her eyes and gave her attention to whoever was calling at her. Her eyes came to find a wiry man with a full brown beard and mustache that cover his lips. He was wielding a wooden stick and surrounded by a flock of sheep.

When he knew he got her attention, he folded his hands over one another on top of the stick and leaned his weight on it. "I 'eard you were lookin' for a particular place, maybe I can 'elp?"

At his offer, Fiona nodded and stood up to give him the paper. She sniffed at her fading tears and dust herself off. He held out a hand and waited for her to unfold the paper. He glanced at the scribbles and raised his eyebrows as he nodded and gave the paper back to her. She stuffed the paper in her palm and hoped he knew something.

"Well tha' gods are smilin'. I know where tha' place is. It's on the outskirts, deep into the forest. Jus' follow the path and you'll see it." His cheekbones raised in a smile. "Betta' get goin', before the weather gets bad." Fiona gave him a large smile and grabbed her suitcase and thanked the man with sincerity in her voice. The shepherd nodded and smiled at her. He looked at the spot that she sat in and noticed the patch of grass and just shook his head and continued on his way home, the sheep baaing in reply.

She walked quickly and followed the path to the edge of the town. She looked ahead and saw nothing but green and the dull dirt from the path. The dreary sky made everything brighter. She took a deep breath and proceeded on her way. The ground crunching beneath her boots and her skirt swaying with the gentle breeze. Her heart was racing with anticipation as she descended into the thicket of green. She ducked under thin branches that were poking at the air. Little leaves trickling it's outer appearance. She climbed over a moss covered log that laid in the middle of the path. She got a strange sensation walking through these woods. It was a feeling of being at peace and also wholeness. She felt scared about what awaits her at the home, but being amongst all the greenery put a little cheer in her step, something she has not felt in a long time.

After about ten minutes, Fiona came across a muggy bog. The path

ended at the dirt road, but another wooden path began that led across the bog. The hold on her suitcase tightened as she looked around timidly. She glanced up to see that the gray clouds were swelling into a darker color. "I better hurry before it gets worse," she told herself. With a quick breath she stepped onto the path and continued down her way. The sounds of hiding frogs were burping in the wind as she went further down. She felt like that one story were a little girl made her way through a strange land and coming across all types of creatures. Being out here alone was frightening enough for Fiona. Her heels clicked on the creaky wood and could see the return of a dirt path, however it was accompanied by the opening of a cave.

Fiona stepped off of the wood and stepped in front of the gaping mouth of the cave. The sheer size made her gulp her nerves. She squinted and saw a faint light at the end. Fiona took one last look around her and stepped into the vast jaw of the cave. The heels of her boots clicked on the hard ground. Pebbles were kicked by the toes of her shoes and the noise echoed down the blackened walls. She noticed that she held a breath and quickly released it. She did not want to look back in fear that something was trailing behind her, it's imaginary steps following the beats of her heart. Her steps quickened slightly because the black hole was putting her on edge. But alas after a brief time, she reached the light at the end of the tunnel.

When she walked out the cave, she felt something was amiss. The weather was blue-skied and sunny with a gentle breeze brushing against the trees. She distinctly remembered the sky looking as if it was about to rain. Fiona looked around to find other differences, however there was none. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and continued on her trek.

She looked up to gaze at what was above her head and noticed that the trees were leaning in the direction that she was walking in as if they were guiding her. When she focused back to what was in front of her, a silhouette of a grand house came into view. There was ivy climbing the side wall and had green shrubs dotting the front porch. It's pristine white walls glistened in the sunlight. The house was becoming larger and larger as Fiona stepped towards it. She thought it was going to swallow her whole, however that was just her nerves. She could hear giggles coming from the back and the low murmur of the sea beyond. Before stepping on to the porch, she looked around and took a deep breath. This place was certainly going to be her new home and life from this moment onward. Her eyes glanced at the welcome sign that hung on the door. She took one last breath, and knocked on the door.

End
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